

The History of

wicht with the rogues company. If the fascal haue not giuen mee medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hang'd: it could not be else. I haue dranke medicines, *Poynes, Hall*, a plague on you both. *Bardoll, Peto*, Ile starue ere Ile rob a foot further: and 'twere nor as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leaue these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a tooth height yairdes of vneuen ground, is three score and ten miles afoot with me: and the stony-hearted Villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it, when theeeues cannot be true one to another.

They whistle.

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue mee my Horse, you rogues, Giue mee my Horse, and bee hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guts, lie downs, lay thine care close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Fals. Haue you any leauers to list me vp again being down? *Zbloud*, Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot againe for all the Coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: what a plague mean ye to colt mee thus?

Prince. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Fals. I prethee good Prince *Hall*, helpe mee to my horse, Good Kings sonne.

Prince. Out you Rogue, shall I bee your Ostler?

Fals. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne Heire apparant Garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes. let a cup of Sacke be my poyson: when iest is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-Hill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I doe against my will.

Pion. O tis our setter, I know his voice: *Bardoll*, what newes?

Bar. Case yee, case ey, on with your Vizards, ther's mony of the Kings, comming downe the Hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fals. You lie, you, rogue, tis going to the Kings Taterne.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Fals. To bee hanged.

Prince. You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane.

Ned Poynes and I will walke lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Peto.

Henry the Fourth.

Peto. But how many be they of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fals. Zounds, will they not rob vs?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir *John Pawnech*?

Fals. Indeed I am not *John* of *Gant* our Granfather, but yet no coward, *Hall*.

Prince. Well, wee leaue that to the prooffe.

Poy. Sirra *Sack*, thy horse stands behind the hedge, when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him, farewell, and stand fast.

Fals. Now cannot I strike him if I should be hang'd.

Prince. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poy. Heere hard by: stand close.

Fals. Now, my masters, happy man bee his dole, say, euery man to his businesse.

Enter the Travellers.

Tra. Come, neyghbor, the boy shall lead our horses downe the hill, wee leaue afoote a while, and ease our legs.

Theeues. Stay.

Tra. Iesus bleffe vs.

Fals. Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates: a horeson caterpillers! Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs, youth, downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

Fals. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no, ye fat chuffes, I would your store were heere: on Bacons, on, what ye knaues? yong men must liue, you are grand lurers, are ye? wee leaue you, yfayth.

Heere they rob them and binde them. Enter the Prince, and Poynes.

Prince. The theeues haue bound the true men: now, could thou and I rob the theeues, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a weeke, laughter for a month, and a good iest for euer.

Poy. Stand close. I heare them comming.

Enter the theeues againe.

Fals. Come, my masters, let vs share, and then to horse before day: and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arrant cowards, theres no equity stirring, ther's no more valour in that Poynes, than in a wild Ducke.

Prince.